He might haue kept that glorie till this day.
But when he tooke a begger to his bed,
And grac'd thy poore ſire with his bridall day:
Then that ſun-ſhine bred a ſhowre for him,
Which waſht his fathers fortunes out of Fraunce,
And heapt ſeditions on his crowne at home.
For what hath mou'd theſe tumults but thy pride?
Hadſt thou bin meeke, our title yet had ſlept,
And we in pittie of the gentle King,
Had ſlipt our claime vntill an other age.
George. But when we ſaw our Sommer brought the gaine,
And that the harueſt brought vs no encreaſe,
We ſet the axe to thy vſurping roote:
And though the edge haue ſomthing hit our ſelues,
Yet know thou, we will neuer ceaſe to ſtrike,
Till we haue hewen thee downe,
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.
Edw. And in this reſolution I defie thee,
Not willing any longer conference,
Since thou denieſt the gentle King to ſpeake.
Sound trumpets, let our blouddie collours waue,
And either victorie, or elſe a graue.
Queene. Staie *Edward*, ſtaie.
Edw. Hence wrangling woman, Ile no longer ſtaie,
Thy words will coſt ten thouſand liues to day.
Exeunt Omnes. *Alarmes.*
Enter VVarwicke.
VVar. Sore ſpent with toile, as runners with the race,
I lay me downe a litle while to breath,
For ſtrokes receiu'd, and many blowes repaide,
Hath robde my ſtrong knit ſinewes of their ſtrength,
And force per force needes muſt I yeeld my ſelfe.
Enter Edward.
Edw. Smile gentle heauens, or ſtrike vngentle death,
That we may die, vnleſſe we gaine the daie.
What fatall ſtarre malignant frownes from heauen,
Vpon the harmleſſe line of *Yorkes* true houſe?
Enter George.

George.

Geor. Come brother, co
For yet theres hope enoug
Then let vs backe to chee
Leſt they retire now we ha
War. How now my Lo
Enter Richard
Rich. Ah *VVarwicke*, wh
Thy noble father in the th
Cride ſtill for *Warwicke* his
Vntill with thouſand ſwo
And manie wouudes mad
And as he totering ſate vp
He waſt his hand to me an
Richard, commend me to
And ſtill he cried, *Warwic*
And with thoſe words he
And ſo the noble *Salsburie*
War. Then let the earth
Ile kill my horſe becauſe I
And heere to God of heau
Neuer to paſſe from forth
Till I am full reuenged fo
Edw. Lord *Warwicke*, I
And in that vow, now ioy
Thou ſetter vp and puller
Vouchſafe a gentle victo
Or let vs die before we loo
Georg. Then let vs haſte
And call them pillers that
And highly gromiſe to re
Their truſtie ſeruice, in th
Rich. Come, come away
For yet is hope of fortune
Brothers, giue me your ha
And take our leaues, vnti
Where ere it be, in heauen
Now I that neuer wept, n
To ſee theſe dire miſhaps